

Flowers

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Flowers

by [Shock Value](#)

Summary

Sapnap's favorite part about soulmate flowers is that although they can be injured, they can never die. The flower will grow back if the head gets broken off and the stems will heal stronger than before it was broken. You just need to water them every two to three days and give them enough sunlight.

Concept - At age 18 you are given a pot and seeds that grows a plant that belongs to your respective soulmate.

Notes

Hope you like it! Took me a few days and kind of wrote myself into a corner at the end but I liked how it turned out.

Sapnap had only gotten his flower pot the year before. It had sat in the back of his shed for the majority of it, collecting dust and more dirt than what was already in it. He had put it away in preparation for college. He didn't want to be distracted by the thoughts of wanting to find whoever represented the plant that would grow in it.

Considering the situation with the global pandemic, he couldn't really get distracted. So, he walked to his shed, found the medium terracotta pot and hosed the cobwebs off the sides of it. Dream had encouraged him to do it so he could have something to do.

While the pot was drying, he looked through the drawer he put any valentine's notepads or cards relatives would send him in the mail for the seeds he was given with the pot. It effectively created a mess in his kitchen but he found the small tulle pouch with three medium sized balls that whatever organization dealt with handing out these things called 'soul seeds'. Now, Sapnap would've liked to have a few words with whoever decided to name them that but when he thought about it he probably couldn't do any better. If he set out to find plant puns he probably could though.

In the pouch there was a white card, it was worn down at the corners from the pouch being stuffed into places. Sapnap could see the fibers fraying. On one side of the card there were directions to how to plant the seeds and on the other side it said, "You Are: White Clover" in a fancy lettering. He guesses he's white clover then.

He didn't really care what his plant was but he kind of wished it wasn't so common. It was a nice little flower, though, it looked like a small, delicate firework. He liked the fade from purple to white.

Sapnap went back outside to get the pot. It was still a little wet but he had grabbed paper towels to set underneath it in anticipation. He had cleared a spot on his crowded table to plant the seeds.

1 - Plant seeds 1 inch (2.5 cm) down and water

2 - Keep pot in 68 - 80 degrees Fahrenheit (20 - 26 degrees Celsius) conditions

3 - Water every 2 - 3 days

(Note: Germination period varies with plant)

That seemed simple enough. Just plant and wait.

Sapnap swallowed. As much as he hated to admit that he cared about the plant growing, he did and he was nervous about messing it up. He could probably set a calendar reminder or an alarm to remind him to water anyway. He remembers Dream telling him that his parents had said it was easy once you get the hang of it so he guessed he'd trust them.

He didn't bother getting a spoon to shovel out a space for the seeds. He just poked three holes in the center of the soil space with his finger, all a few inches apart.

He drops each seed into its own hole and pushes the dirt down on top of them. Some dirt stuck to his hand since it was wet from when he hosed it down. He wasn't sure about whether or not to water them since the soil was wet but he added a little bit of water to the soil.

Setting it on his bedroom windowsill, he left it to soak up the sun. Hopefully it would grow. In the meantime he had some friends he could talk to.

It took 15 days for something to sprout.

It was very small and seemed like it could be crushed by even a single dust particle falling on it. The stem was a very pale green and reflected the light. It had two small but round, egg shaped leaves. When looking closely, they had a light fuzz coating the surface of them.

When Sapnap would be reminded to water the plant, he'd softly stroke the leaves and watch as they'd stick to his finger for a short moment only to bounce back to where they were supposed to be. He found that the plant would glow in the mornings when the sun would shine through his window.

After about two weeks he started seeing two more leaves start to grow. They had taken on a slightly longer shape but still look very similar to the first two. He was happy to be able to take care of it. Dream was right when he said it was easy.

Sapnap spent most days on call with Dream and George. He didn't really have anything else to do other than get food for himself and his cat and drink the daily recommended amount of water.

If anyone had told him to find something different to do or go outside and get some fresh air so he could stay happy, he'd tell them that he didn't need to because he had his friends right there ready to have useless conversations with him. He was at his happiest when talking to his friends and even if he grows his plant and still isn't able to find his soulmate, if by some odd chance it doesn't work out between him and whoever his soulmate was, he had his friends to fall back on.

He should really start taking one step at a time, though. He still didn't know what plant he had growing in his pot and he hasn't even brought it up in conversation to anyone. The only time he's ever talked about it was before he even planted the seeds and he was asking Dream if he should or not.

Dream had said that he hadn't yet and was going to soon so they should start theirs around the same time. They had both neglected to talk about it after that, either being too busy or the topic being lost on their minds.

George had never even hinted at having planted the seeds. Sapnap wasn't even sure if George had gotten the seeds and pot in the first place. Maybe he was just one of the few who never got them.

Sapnap watched as the little seedling grew leaves with texture. It was almost like it had scales with the way wrinkles spread over the leaves. It was rough to the touch but somehow soft. They shone a light green.

42 days after Sapnap planted the seeds, a different plant started growing. This plant, Sapnap had seen before.

It popped out of the surface of the soil. A feathered spiral connected to a thick stem. It slowly uncurled through the day. This was a fern and it popped out of nowhere.

Sapnap knew from the various times in kindergarten when they'd be told stories about soulmates and the flower pots that if two different plants start growing in the pot that it means exactly what you think it might. That you have two soulmates.

He also knew that after that it became a bit messy.

Having two soulmates could mean many things. One of the most popular ones being that your soulmate dies some time into your relationship and you have another to live the rest of your life with. Another, more appreciated, scenario is that you live your life with two partners, either platonically or romantically.

Sapnap really hoped that he wouldn't have to go through the death of a loved one. He also thought that that option was the most plausible. He had never thought of being in a relationship with multiple people. He never really tried or had the chance to.

The fern was shiny just like the small but older plant next to it.

Sapnap rotated the pot on his windowsill so the plants would line up horizontally with the window. Both plants would need light and he didn't want to risk one blocking the sun from the other.

When the first plant finally flowered, Sapnap spent hours looking up what type of plant it was.

First he went through google, searching things like 'all plant types' and 'purple flowers' with no luck. After that he tried to backwards image search but could never find a straight answer.

All he could think of doing after that was post to the soulmate subreddit asking for help on finding out what kind of plant the beautiful, small flowers belonged to. He had to wait three days for an answer other than 'those are so cute <3' and 'have you tried a gardening book'.

One user left a comment saying 'it looks like *heliotropium arborescens*'.

Sapnap liked heliotrope, he decided. He found that it somehow fit in with the quickly growing fern that sat next to it and if he let his mind wander when looking at them for too long he might begin to think that the two plants looked like they loved each other too.

He still brushed the leaves of the plants with his fingertips but now he also got to feel the delicate flowers.

Shuddered breathing filled Sapnap's room.

It had been early one morning after not sleeping when Sapnap had quickly taken off his sweatshirt and went to throw it across the room. He had already been laying down on his bed, half asleep when he did it so his aim was off and he accidentally threw it too close to his windowsill where it hit his flower pot.

The flower pot had begun to rock and tipping off the windowsill when Sapnap was all of a sudden not very tired anymore and panic jumped into his throat. As the pot started falling Sapnap found that half of his body was hanging over the side of his bed, hand moving to catch the pot.

The pot was heavy and even when he was awake and ready to move it somewhere he still had to use two hands but in his panic he didn't think. It dropped on his hand pulling his arm down towards the hardwood floor before crushing his knuckles and hitting the floor with a sound that resembled a hollow bonk.

Sapnap had quickly rolled off of his bed onto the floor where he cried from the sudden pain and held his injured hand in his other. It ached and he couldn't move his fingers. His hand throbbed with each new tear that ran down his face.

After laying there for a few moments and trying to redirect his thoughts to something other than the pain, he sat up and leaned against his bed. The pot laid on it's side in front of him, dirt spilling out and fern being pushed up into the heliotrope.

Using his uninjured hand, Sarnap grabbed the side of the pot to turn it upright. The side of the pot that had hit the floor had chipped and the terracotta now had a medium sized piece broken out of it but it wasn't big enough to make the pot unusable. Sarnap couldn't move the pot back up to its spot on the windowsill so he had to leave it where it was on the floor where it could still get the majority of the light it needed.

Sarnap needed to take care of his hand so he got up, got a long sock out of his drawer, and went to his kitchen. He grabbed a plastic snack bag and filled it with ice before taping the bag to the sock and carefully putting it over his injured hand. Even when being careful the sock gripped and his hand at some points and made him hiss in pain. He eventually got it on and went back to his bed so he could go to sleep.

The whole situation put him in a sour mood after he woke up.

He couldn't do anything. He had ended up rolling onto his injured hand and waking up after only 4 hours of sleep and then he couldn't even work until his hand healed. Sarnap knew from experience that when you injure something, it needs to rest and not be used for a week or so.

Taking the sock off of his hand to check on it was a process. The sock even brushing his skin felt like he was trying to press down on a bruise. It felt like his fingers were trying to disconnect from the rest of his hand. He really hoped it wasn't broken.

When he took off the sock and saw how purple and swollen his knuckles were he had to close his eyes and breath. It was just a little gruesome.

He had started off his day really frustrated after spending almost 10 minutes putting the ice sock back on. He had been half tempted to just slam his hand on the table until he realized how bad of an idea that would have been.

It had taken him a bit using his non dominant hand but he did manage to get into a voice chat with his friends.

"Hey, Sarnap." Says George, putting a little emphasis on the 'p's as usually.

"Hey, Georgie." Sarnap didn't realize how tired and sad he would sound.

"Did you sleep?"

"Yeah, a little."

"Maybe you should take a nap."

"Wow, trying to get rid of me already?" Sarnap didn't mean for himself to sound sort of bitter. At that moment he couldn't control the inflection of his words. He paused when he realized.

"Hey--" George started.

"Shit, sorry dude. I'm just having a bad day."

"Oh." George's voice became lighter. "Would you want to play Minecraft or something?"

"I can't."

George hums, "Why?"

"I crushed my hand under my flower pot."

Sapnap could hear George breathe in through his teeth, "Ouch." George pauses for a moment. "How bad is it?"

Sapnap humorlessly chuckled, "It's purple and gross."

"Ew."

Sapnap leaned back in his chair, "Yeah, I know."

George pauses for a moment, "Did-- Is your plant okay?"

"Uh," Sapnap thought back, the plants sitting on the floor in his room. "I think some of the withered flowers fell off? One of the flower heads looked pretty sad so the stem might have broken."

"That sucks."

"Yeah, the pot only lost a chunk though so it's fine."

George chuckled a little, "I almost trip on my pot every other week and had to replace the pot."

Sapnap smiled, "Wow, how clumsy do you have to be?"

"Shut up, Sapnap." Sapnap could hear the smile on George's face.

"Didn't know you had a plant."

"I didn't know you had one either."

Eventually the conversation changed topics. They just talked most of the day. When Dream joins the call and hears what happened he opens up Minecraft and tells Sapnap to watch so he could have something to look at. He'd only get up to get water or change out the ice.

Sapnap and George make fun of Dream and Sapnap's mood lightens up. He only accidentally hits his hand on the desk a few times.

"Sap, you should get to bed." Dream says when Sapnap yawns for the fifth time in the last hour. "I can't believe you stayed up this long."

"Hey, time flies when you're hanging with the boys."

Dream scoffs, "Yeah, wherever. Just go to bed."

"Bye, Sapnap." George chimes in.

"Wow, okay. Making go to bed. Shaking my head." Sapnap smiles at the bright screen in front of him. It was the only thing lighting up his room since the sun had gone down. His eyes burned only a little bit. "Alright. Love you guys, bye." And Sapnap leaves the call to go to bed.

He would have probably fallen straight to bed but as soon as he left the call he started thinking

about how he said he loved his friends. He said that all the time but for some reason he felt so much lighter and happier that day.

Sapnap had already gotten over the 'oh fuck, I love my friends' part of his situation. He didn't know what point of his realization he was at other than 'confused' so he left it at that.

He'd think about it whenever he filled a cup with tap water to water his plants with. He had soulmates and over anything else he really hoped that they were his best friends no matter what way their relationship turned out.

Sapnap had started having to push his cat away from the fern because they liked to try and eat it.

Sapnap's hand was getting better. It was less purple and more green and brown and it hurt less when things would brush up against it and he could almost create a fist without crying.

While it still hurt to do almost anything he could very slowly click his mouse and very passively play Minecraft.

So now he, Dream, and George play survival and Dream and George do all the work as Sapnap walks around the world and looks for places to build. He would feel useless if it weren't for George's jokingly loud gasps and congratulations when he'd attempt to fight a mob or Dream's odd ability to always have a flower in his inventory to throw at him. They got to laugh and be stupid together while Sapnap's hand healed and it made him very happy.

Sapnap and Dream had been talking all morning. Sapnap hadn't gotten out of bed yet, he didn't need to do anything and his cat had decided to lay on him and sleep. He decided that morning that he wasn't allowed to kick his cat off of him.

George eventually joins and it's just the three of them talking but saying nothing.

"How's your hand doing Sap?" Asks George.

"Better. Wanna see?"

Dream groans, "No, it probably still looks like a grape."

"Uh, actually," Sapnap drew out the word, "It's closer to a rotting watermelon now, thank you very much."

"Okay, yeah, I don't want to see." George says.

"Oh c'mon Georgie Weorgie, take a look."

"No, Sapnap. What is wrong with you." George says through his quiet giggles.

"Do you know how strong it is?"

"Very strong, but haven't checked."

"Do it."

Sapnap gasps, "But my cat!"

Dream chuckles, "You're cat can sleep whenever."

Sapnap fake pouts, "But--" Sapnap grumbles. "Sorry little kitty, you gotta go. My friends hate you getting beauty sleep." The cat meowed and got up, staring at Sapnap before walking to the corner of his bed and sitting down to clean himself.

"What a liar." Dream protests.

"Yeah, whatever Dream, we all know your true intentions."

"You're such an idiot."

"What do I even test my hand strength on?" Sapnap looks around the room. The only things in there being an empty box and his flower pot that was still on the floor, now just pushed against the wall where it could still catch the sun. "I guess I have my flower pot." Sapnap said with no previous energy, like he was thinking. No thoughts were going through his head, though, he was just staring at the fern and heliotrope.

"The thing that crushed your hand in the first place?"

Sapnap picked back up in energy, "What else?"

"Do it." Dream sounded like he was eating something.

Sapnap left his phone on his bed so he couldn't talk to his friends but he didn't really care all too much. He pushed the pot with his foot closer to the window so he didn't have to carry the pot for too long.

"Alright." He whispered, flexing his fingers slightly to get ready. He grabbed the pot mostly with his good hand and used mostly the palm of his injured one to lift it and set it back in the windowsill. His fingers ached from him using them even just slightly but it worked out.

Sapnap whipped his head up to look at his cat, "Haha. No more eating my plants."

Sapnap went back over to his bed and picked up his phone, putting his earbuds back in. "Sup, I'm back. Got the pot back up but my hand hurts and I blame you guys."

"George, what's wrong?" Sapnap asked on night after a stream. George had seemed a little upset and kept on messing up his aim when trying to kill mobs.

"Don't worry about me."

"I'm gonna. You know you could talk to me about anything, dude."

"Did you end your stream?"

Sapnap's eyebrows knotted up, "Yeah, I told you."

"Oh. Right. Um--" George nervously chuckled but Sapnap could tell that George didn't find it funny. "Did you see what Maia tweeted earlier?"

"No? Wait. Oh, yeah I did." Maia had tweeted out her soulmate flower. She was a marigold and

from what Sapnap knew of her, it fit her really well. "The one about her soulmate flower?"

George paused, "Uh-- Yeah. Y'know what it's all stupid I'm fine."

"Dude, if it's really bothering you, you can talk about it." Sapnap said, deciding to continue playing Minecraft after stopping to worry about George. He decided that he needed wood for nothing in particular, just in case. There was a spruce biome that he could go to.

"I was just kind of hoping, y'know?"

"Yeah, I do." Sapnap really did. He did, after all, hope that George and Dream would be his soulmates.

Some time passed.

"I guess my head was in the wrong spot."

Sapnap hummed, "Why's that?" Sapnap was trying to craft a crafting table in his inventory.

"I have two plants, I guess." And Sapnap accidentally closes out of his inventory, wood planks flying out and onto the grass. Sapnap's almost healed hand started aching again. It did this sometimes.

"Huh," Sapnap stopped, debating saying anything. "I do too."

If Sapnap were in George's situation he would have immediately asked himself about it but George just hummed and they didn't talk about it for the rest of the night. George seemed to be in a better mood.

"Hey Pandas, how's the plant?" Dream asked him one morning.

"They're doing good, very happy and my cat isn't eating one of them anymore. Why?"

"Just wondering, you never talked about it even though we both agreed to start at the same time." Dream answered.

"Yeah, to be fair you never talked about it either."

"Yeah. I don't know, I decided that I wanted to talk about it now, I guess."

"Well, start it off then."

"I have two plants."

"Dude, we should, like kiss or something." If you asked Sapnap, he'd say it was a joke but in reality it was only a half joke. "I have two plants, you have two plants. Hey, George also has two plants."

"Wait-- wait, wait, wait. George has plants?"

Sapnap laughed, "Yeah, I know right? I didn't think he did but then he told me he kept on almost tripping over his pot after I crushed my hand."

"You have two plants?"

"Yeah, bro, keep up."

"Does George know who's his are?" Dream was practically rambling at this point.

"Um. I don't think so? He was upset the other week that Maia wasn't one so I'm guessing not."

"What was her's?"

"Marigolds, I think."

"What's yours?"

Sapnap raised his eyebrows, "Wow, you really want that kiss, huh?"

"No-- Sapnap. What if--"

"What if you, George, and I are soulmates? Believe me, I've been wondering." Sapnap stopped. He had accidentally gotten frustrated. "I'm white clover." He finishes softly.

Dream laughs, "I'm fern."

Sapnap smiles and sits up from his originally crouched position. "My cat kept on trying to eat the fern."

"Patches stayed away from the flowers but when I set them outside for a few days the bees really loved the clovers." Dream was talking quickly and using a softer tone.

"What's your last plant?" Sapnap spoke slowly.

"Heliotrope."

"Ah fuck dude." Sapnap laughed. "We should definitely kiss."

"I'm messaging George."

Sapnap muted his mike, there was a very light and bubbly feeling in his chest and he was giggling like an idiot.

"Sap. Unmute."

"What?" Sapnap asked, still halfway laughing.

"George is a heliotrope."

"Oh dude."

Sapnap here's dream laugh away from his microphone. It was a great sound. His friend laughing.

"Wow, this is really poggers. We should just fly George to America."

Sapnap had meant it as a joke. Well, half joke, but Dream actually decided to fly himself and George to Texas so they could all stay at Sapnap's house.

They had told George about the whole thing and a week later Dream and George both had planes to Houston and the plan to stay at Sapnap's house.

Dream would arrive first, as expected being in the same country, and George would get there a day after. Sapnap had a couch and went out to buy a blow up mattress that he was going to let them fight over. All Sapnap had to do was pick them up at the airport.

Turns out it was really hard for him to patiently wait for Dream to get off his plane. He was unbelievably nervous which didn't make much sense since they have met before. Maybe it was the circumstances or the fact that they haven't seen each other in forever. It didn't change the fact that he was tapping his feet and awkwardly checking his phone while sitting in his truck. He kept on checking the clock every one to two minutes and it felt like he was sitting there forever.

Eventually he got a message from Dream.

Dream> I'll be outside in a few minutes, I just have to get my bag.

Sapnap> Sick

So Sapnap spent the next 10 minutes scanning the sidewalk in front of the airport.

He sees Dream come out of the building wearing a grey hoodie and cargo shorts. Sapnap messaged Dream that he was going to pull up so he could jump in.

When Sapnap pulled in front of Dream, he smiled and walked to Sapnap's open car window to greet him.

"Nice truck."

"Shut up and get in, it's warm out here." Sapnap laughed.

They didn't do anything for the entire day, Dream was tired and wasn't able to sleep on the plane and Sapnap was still getting over nerves. Dream had claimed the mattress as his own.

They had gotten some takeout and talked about everything and nothing.

Sapnap loved that about Dream.

The next day, they woke up early to get George from the airport. It had been a lot like picking up Dream except a lot slower and Dream had to jump out of the car to let George slide in between him and Sapnap.

George set up an area to sleep on the couch and all of them slept until one.

It was the first time Sapnap had seen George in person and there was just something about him that made him very happy just like Dream did. He told Dream about it at some point down the line.

"Hey, Sap, wake up." George was shaking him. Sapnap was exhausted and didn't want to get up and start the day. Well, he already sort of did but as far as the timeline in Sapnap's brain was concerned that counted as yesterday.

"What?" Sapnap mumbled.

"Dream was going to go get us food, what do you want?"

Sapnap groaned and rolled over towards his wall before stretching, "One second. Let me get up."

"Are these your plants?"

Sapnap turned his head to look where George was standing. He found George standing by his windowsill next to his plants.

"Yeah, don't knock it down."

George chuckled, "I won't." Sapnap watched as he reached out and delicately touched the flowers of the heliotrope. "I've never seen a heliotrope before."

"Really?"

"Yeah, they aren't the most common." George stopped and started walking out of the room, "I'll tell Dream that you'll be out in a bit."

Sapnap would have been faster when getting up but he was understandably distracted by the memory of George seeing his flower. Sapnap didn't really understand but somehow George was the most gracefully awkward person he's ever set his eyes on.

"We should lock him out before he comes back." George suggested.

"You're bad with jokes, George."

"I just wanna see what he would do if we locked him out." George reasoned, "It'd be funny."

"You're such an idiot."

They hear the door open and then Dream yell, "I'm home, Honeys!"

Sapnap turns to look at George who was leaning against the kitchen counter. "You're right, we should have locked him out."

George sends him the brightest smile Sapnap's seen and laughs. Sapnap smiled back.

"What are you guys laughing about?" Dream asks, setting some fast food bags on the counter.

Sapnap shakes his head, "Nothing."

"Whatever."

They ate quickly for no reason other than they were hungry. They didn't know what they were going to do for the day, they were horrible planners, so Sapnap decided that he was going to take them somewhere around the city.

"There's a ton of museums and parks." Sapnap told them. "There's also this old place that's Victorian styled about 30 minutes away. It has lots of cool restaurants and shops."

"That sounds good." George said.

"Yeah I'm fine with that." Says Dream.

"Cool."

And they eventually found themselves at a small little tourism town.

They wandered around it for a couple of hours, stopping to get lunch at one of the restaurants and Dream and George getting a few things from the shops.

And one again they somehow talked about everything and nothing.

They had found themselves at a park at around five.

It was one of the smaller parks kids didn't really go to and most of the people who did were middle aged and only ran laps around the place. There was a river and a nice place to sit and hang out next to it.

Although they talked more and had more stuff to do at the little town, this was Sapnap's favorite part of the day.

At some point Dream's arms had ended up around both his and George's shoulders and they all sat in the grass watching the river as it moved by slowly.

Dream had mumbled a quiet 'love you guys' under his breath and George just laughed softly and Sapnap smiled and bumped his shoulder into his side.

When they got back to Sapnap's house it was starting to get dark so they all settled onto the couch and put on some shit movie.

George had fallen asleep leaning into Dream's side and Dream kept on messing with Sapnap's hair. Each time Dream would accidentally pull a piece of his hair slightly his heartbeat would speed up.

They all fell asleep there and woke up in the morning all cuddled together and warm.

After that George would sometimes grab their shoulders or put a hand on their arms and Dream would pull at their hair and side hug them when they complained. Sapnap would give them the world.

"We could go on the roof and watch the sunset if you guys want." Sapnap had been bored one night and was trying to find something for them to do that wasn't very hard or they didn't have to leave to do. They had already played an excessive amount of video games and had walked around the neighborhood numerous times.

"I'm colorblind dude." George complained.

"We could explain it to you but I doubt we'd even end up paying attention to the sun anyway." Says Dream. Sapnap nods his head agreeing.

George looks at them before smiling and agreeing to the idea.

They found themselves on the roof with an old blanket and throw pillows. It was slightly cloudy, a little chillier than most days and the sun had already half set but it was perfect. Sapnap wouldn't want it any other way.

Dream had chosen to be in the middle stating 'you guys will fight and push us all off the roof' or something like that. George was mostly using Dream's chest as a pillow even if he got most of the actual pillows and Sapnap had stolen Dream's arm. They were mostly just joking around. Sapnap thinks this is exactly what Dream meant when he said they weren't going to be paying attention to the sun.

"You guys look great in the piss light." George giggles out.

Dream and Sapnap laugh along.

"Well, I think you both look very pretty in all light." Sapnap says. "You are prettiest in the dark, though."

George shifted, bringing his arm over Dream, and pinched Sapnap's arm. Sapnap protests and grabs George's arm before he could pull it back and pulls it towards him instead. George rests his arm on Dream's stomach and Sapnap takes the chance to let go of George's arm and instead lace their fingers together.

George makes eye contact with Sapnap and smiles a bright smile at him before burying his face into Dream's chest. Sapnap looks up at Dream who was also smiling but looking off towards the horizon. Dream brings his arm's up to hold George and Sapnap and laughs a little.

"I love you guys." Dream tells them. It's a lot louder than last time and Sapnap could feel Dream's words vibrate in his chest. George's hand squeezes his and Sapnap closes his eyes to take in the moment.

Sapnap's favorite part about soulmate flowers is that although they can be injured, they can never die. The flower will grow back if the head gets broken off and the stems will heal stronger than before it was broken. You just need to water them every two to three days and give them enough sunlight.

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